

Late-night house call

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Late-night house call

by [ThatOneDinoNerd](#)

Summary

Reader has a tough night and succumbs to self-harm urges. In your most dire moments, you call the one person you trust the most. Raphael.

PLEASE read with caution! Keep yourself safe! This fic talks about mental health issues, don't read if you aren't ready for it.

Notes

Also, I am not a medical professional at all. I only speak from experience and a quick google search, dont kill me if something is wrong, hahaha

I do have plans for more chapters that are more comfort-based, if that makes sense. I'm unsure if it will end up romantic or platonic, so we'll find out :) (Also author uses (y/n) only for the readers with the browser extension)

Chapter 1: A Stain Red as His Mask

The blare of a phone ringing yanked Raph out of slumber. Grumbling out of bed, he reaches towards his nightstand. He angrily squints at the bright screen, as if wishing the phone would stop being so damn loud. As his eyes adjust to the light, he sees your contact photo on screen.

“The fuck...? Hello? (y/n)?”

“Heeeeeeeeeeeey, I.... um-”

“Do you know what fucken’ time it is?” Raph spits. You do know. It’s 2:13 am. On a mission night. Raph probably just got back, had just fallen asleep, and you were calling him now. Nice.

“Oh... uh, yea. I’m sorry, I’ll let you sleep, sorry.”

“No, no, no, don’t pull that shit on me.” His voice was gravely from sleep, or irritation, you couldn’t tell. “You called for a reason. What’s up?”

You took a very deep and shaky breath. What’s up? How do you even start to answer that question? To be honest, things are down. Really down. Raph knew you had a couple screws loose, but you never talked about it. Just passing jokes. He’s even seen some of your lighter scars. But he’s never seen the warzone on your thighs. And you’re calling because another battle was lost on them.

“I... fucked up, Raph.” You manage to tremble out. Your eyes were already watering, betraying you, and you haven’t really said anything! On the other end you hear the bed squeaking and rustling. Almost frantic rustling. “Can you come over?”

“Of course, no problem. You’re at home, right?” Raph’s tone was serious and punctual. It’s hard to tell if he’s mad through his voice alone.

“Yup.” Your voice cracks.

“Are you crying? What do you need me to do? I’m dressed, got my Sais, ready to kick someone into the fucken’ curb. Who do I gotta track? I can wake Donnie up-”

“No, I-”

“(Y/n) don’t move. I’m wakin’ my brothers up. Oooh, I swear ta God, whoever made you cry I’m gonna-”

“Raph, please!” You sob, tears pricking at your eyes. All noise stops from the line. You have so many things to say, but your quivering lip defies you. Throwing a hand to your face in an attempt to dry the stream. The throb from your bloodied legs isn’t helping with your composure and soon you can’t hold back. “Bring... First aid... please.”

Still silent. No rustling. No talking. Not even breathing... He might have hung up. Why wouldn't he? No one wants to deal with a crying, snotty, sleep deprived person whose legs look like the lines on a loose-leaf paper. Cursing at yourself, you shift your weight, trying to get the bleeding to slow.

“(Y/n)? I’m bringing the kit, and I’ll be there in 10 minutes. Hang tight, okay? I’m gonna end the call, ONLY so that I can get there faster. DON’T MOVE. Got it?”

There was that serious voice again. He sounds angrier now. You mumble out a response, which seems to satisfy Raph, and he leaves you to the isolation of your room. The silence was never enjoyable. It was the type of quiet that made your ears ring. The type to make your brain hurt and your heart heavy. The type to remind you of every single slash, cut, and slice.

You can only cry. Sobbing into the abyss of your dark room. Ripping at your blood-stained bed sheets and unable to move because of the pain. Both physical and mental.

You flop pathetically on your back, trying to find some form of comfort. Feeling the tears drip down your face, you can't help but cry to the ceiling. But no amount of shouting, sobbing, or yelling will make those dark thoughts stop. It feels like nothing will make them stop. But the blood has to run out eventually. And for a slight moment, you feel calm. You watch the ceiling dance between tears and blinking eyes, and you let your breath grow weak. It feels like sleep is finally beckoning you to close your eyes. You inhale deeply, to catch your breath. And the silence turns into serenity.

You hear the living room window open. Familiar shuffles and thuds, and curses. Then you listen to the window sliding shut.

“(Y/N)?!”

“Room...” Oh god, here we go. Now he’s gonna hate you.

The bedroom door softly swings open, and you can’t bother to face him. You draw slow and heavy breaths, and feel your eyes sting with embarrassment. Raph silently moves closer, his footsteps surprisingly soft. As you turn to look him in the eye, you see a look of horror on his face. You can’t do it. You can’t believe you failed the only person you thought you could trust. And you can hold back the tsunami of emotion and sobs.

Raph swiftly kneels by the bed, throwing the first aid kit beside you. Promptly opening it, ripping out two pieces of gauze, and standing back up. He whispers an apology as he covers the cuts and puts his entire body weight on your thighs. You hiss a protest, then throw your arms to his wrists to try to dislodge Raph’s grip.

“I know, I know, I know. I gotta stop the bleeding, though. I know, this part sucks. It’s the fastest way, (y/n).” Raph didn’t look angry. But it’s hard to see when your eyes are swollen from crying. If anything, you could say he looks concerned. But you can’t bear to look at him right now. It hurts to see the worry and warmth in his eyes. It doesn’t feel like you deserve it. So, you manage to haul yourself up and wrap your arms around his shoulders. Raph presses his cheek into your head, and softly hums.

Raph continues to hum towards your ear, only stopping to apply more layers of gauze. And your tears settle. Your breath is still heavy, but less frantic. You realize just how tired you are. Feeling like you could dissolve into the floor, you press harder into Raph, right between his neck and shoulder.

“Hey, how ya feelin’, honey? Are you dizzy?”

You shake your head. “No.”

“You feeling any chest pain?”

“No.”

“How about feeling weak?” Raph leans back slightly, just enough to look at you. You nod, barely able to keep yourself upright.

“Ok, how about hard time breathing?” You think, then nod again. Your chest feels more heavy than it usually does. You slide your hand from his shoulders down to the nooks of his elbows, slumping down on your bed again.

You let out a whine when Raph slowly pulled away from you. He very gently eased the pressure on your thighs. As soon as he lifted the gauze, the slashes on your legs oozed back to life.

“God fucken dammit...” He muttered. “Alright, here’s the plan: I’m gonna wrap you up best I can, I’ll call Donnie and he can stitch you up. You know my hands aren’t that stable.” Raph gave you a silly smile, clearly an attempt to cheer you up. I didn’t really work, but you returned a pained giggle.

Raph grabbed new sheets of gauze and placed them on your wounds. He had some surgical tape that he used to secure the pad. It was almost funny watching how quickly the blood absorbed into the cloth, turning it bright red in seconds. Raph yanked his phone out of his pocket and hit the speaker button on Donnie’s speed dial. It rang for a few seconds, then...

“Huh? Hello?”

“Hey Donnie, you gotta get to the needle room fast. (Y/n) has some serious lacerations on their legs, I’m patching them-”

“Woah woah, what? What’s happening?” Donnie slurred.

Raph gave you a frustrated look and he retrieved the self-stick wrap. He drew in a very long and harsh sigh.

“(Y/n) is losing a lot of blood!” Raph snapped. He tried to conceal his irritation, but no use. “Get to the needle room and have the stitches ready when we get home! I am patching them up and leaving in two minutes!”

“Huh? Oh. Oh, SHIT! Ok! Uh, ok. I’m setting up now! I’ll see you in a bit!” The call ended, and Raph couldn’t help but roll his eyes.

“He usually isn’t this fast to wake up.” He smirked, pulling the wrap tight on your thigh. The pressure never felt good to begin with, but now, it doesn’t hurt like last time. So, you lay on your bed, letting Raph bandage you up. He softly cradles your legs as he winds the bandage up your thigh. Once he places your leg on the bed for the last time, he rests his hands on your knees. You were almost asleep and totally oblivious to the pained twist on his face. He has a sad sparkle in his eyes that you might never see. But that’s for another time, Raph needs to be strong for you right now.

So he quietly stands, and ever so gently, pulls you into his arms. Even though you are dead weight, he picks you up like you weigh nothing. He supports your neck on his chest when he pulls you up. Raph adjusts you on his hip, and makes sure your head is tucked safe in the nook of his neck. He makes his way to the living room, collecting your things in a small bag, and walks out the front door. That way is easier to keep you safe, and he couldn’t care less about being seen right now. All that matters is getting you to the lair, as soon as possible.

Chapter 2: Nurse D to the rescue

Chapter Summary

Raph hustles back to the lair as fast as he can carry dead weight. Donnie is waiting to receive his latest patient, not so patiently.

Chapter Notes

finally got it done, I re wrote this one like 4 times. So sorry for the long wait hahahaha
So as always, enjoy

Donnie is freaking out! He just fell asleep! And now Raph calls at 3 am, saying (y/n) needs stitches?? What's happening???? Why do they need stitches??? Where are they?? Aahh!!! He scrambles to put pants on and bolts to the med bay, nearly tripping over his own feet. He yanks the suture set out of the cabinet. Donnie's hands fumble over the box, ensuring he has all of the right equipment and that it is sterile. Once satisfied (if you can call it that), he throws the med bay together in anticipation for a patient. He usually doesn't listen to his brother like this, but Donnie isn't taking any chances, especially if he's telling the truth. And the more he thinks about it, Donnie hopes this is a twisted prank. One that he will definitely get Raph in so much trouble for...

Yeah, this is probably a prank. (Y/n) and Raph never have good ideas when they are in the same room, and Raph is an asshole who thinks this kinda stuff is funny! Why is he getting his panties in a twist when both of them want to get a rise out of him? Donnie isn't going to fall for it. Not this time. But he can't shake the nagging thought of 'what if?', so he pouts on the ready made med cot. He faces the door, wearing the sourest face he can make. Waiting for the two pranksters to laugh at him when they get here. After 10 or so minutes, Donnie's phone pings. A text from Raph, reading: *–help, on lader undr Eastman n Laird–*
His face scrunches even more at the message, so now they are luring him out of the lair? Great. Just what they want. But that manhole cover is basically in the dojo. Just a left and a high jump to get to the ladder going up. Donnie replies: *–with what? –*
–istg hrlp wit (y/n)[Name spelled incorrectly] – Donnie's stomach drops a little. Maybe this isn't a prank. If it is... He's gonna kick Raph's ass.
– On my way. – He sends back.

Raph is stuck. He's stuck on the ladder going down from the manhole cover, and very slowly losing his grip on you. Normally, the 6-ish foot drop from the last rung is not an issue, but he normally isn't carrying someone unconscious. So he hangs on for dear life. Raph was able to

text Donnie with one finger, not very well though. His thought process above the surface made sense. Carry (y/n) to the closest sewer line to the lair, and bring them down safely. He did not take into account the 'down' part. But it was better than sliding down the pipes with you, god forbid that water got your cuts infected. Raph's hands were getting very sweaty, and that didn't help trying to hold on to you. Just as he was going to attempt to switch your weight, Donnie sauntered onto the scene. The look of horror on his face was almost comical, Raph would have chuckled if his grip wasn't slipping. His eyes shot open, rushing over to relieve Raph of the precarious position he found himself in. Your head flopped heavy on Donnie's shoulder, barely registering the change in position. The purple turtle held you tight as his eyes investigated the soggy, red-stained bandages. Raph's feet thudded onto the ground, and as soon as he regained balance, he was pushing you and Donnie into the lair.

The world is really foggy, and way too bright. It's kinda cold too. You try to open your eyes, but the blinding light forces your eyelids shut. Slowly coming to your senses, you are laying flat on your back, and your feet are asleep. Actually, your legs are elevated on something, and you feel movement on them. Eventually finding the strength to attempt to sit up, you enlist every weakened muscle you own to scrunch yourself up. A hand softly presses your shoulder back down to the bed.

"Not so fast, hon." It's Raph, thank god. His eyes are kind. You can see the exhaustion in the green of his iris though. "We're in the needle room, you don't got anywhere to be." His smile is just as warm as his eyes. His face relaxed, but his brow ridge is slightly furrowed. He scooches closer, answering your outstretched hand you didn't even realize is raised. He keeps both hands on you, thumbing the back of your palm. Raph's hand moves from your shoulder up to your head, to push a stray strand of hair out of the way. Seeing him hold such warmth on his cheeks yanks at your heart strings. It's a stark contrast from his usual 'idgaf' scowl, though. His softness is not hiding the worry lines that crease his scaled face. He wears soft well. He's so forgiving. Especially with you, but this feels so undeserved. It feels so out of place, you should be scolded right now. You should have to hear how stupid those cuts are, how dangerous your actions were and the consequences that come with them. You shouldn't be shown kindness when you try to end your own life. You don't deserve this love. And watching Raph smile down at you, it's easy to feel like the biggest fuck-up in the world. The guilt of having something you shouldn't is overwhelming. Once again, tears stream down your face. And Raphael holds your hand. He brushes away your tears and hushes your sobs. He whispers sweet nothings as you gush emotion onto his open palm. He presses light kisses into your knuckles. He says he's glad you called him.

"Shhh, you're ok... It's ok, Donnie's almost done." Oh, yea. You completely forgot about the weird tugging on your legs. It was uncomfortable, but not painful. Knowing Donnie he must have numbed the area. Drawing a wiggly breath, you try to calm down the best you can. Raph wipes the last drop away from your soggy eyes. He leans down to pick up a bottle of water, and gently slides his hand underneath the back of your head. His hand slowly raises your neck, and you see Donnie hunched over your thighs. Before you could make out details, Raph holds the bottle's straw up to you. Water is a much welcome gift in a time of great dehydration, between the crying and unhealthy amounts of caffeine consumed within the last 48 hours, a necessity as well. He is glad you called him... He's happy you're alive. Raph

means every single word he tells you. He means every compliment and affirmation that rolls off his tongue. And he'll tell you the truth even if you refuse to believe it. He's happy he met you, happy you're in his life, happy that you put up with his bullshit. He can't imagine a world without you. He won't. Tears start to prick his own eyes; fuck being strong, he can't lose you. He never likes seeing you bruised, and here, you're broken. Completely shattered like glass. It's awful watching you tremble and grab for any sort of affection as if you were experiencing touch for the first time. Raph will happily wipe your tears, mend your wounds, hush your mind, do anything you asked of him if it meant there's still a chance of seeing your smile again. God, even just the thought of not meeting you in the first place hurts, and Raph almost lost you. Raph can't lose you. He won't lose you.

Chapter 3: Aftermath: Comfort

Chapter Summary

It's the morning after that rough night. Not quite back to reality yet, you still have some recovering to do. Thank god Raph never left your side.

Chapter Notes

Heeeyyyy hahaha finally done with this! I'm pretty excited, I had a ton of fun writing the softer scenes. This fic has taken a turn towards the romantic FYI, I would happily marry any ninja turtle and I'm projecting. So, enjoy! Let me know what you think!! :]

Warm... and soft... Heavy, comfy heavy... Oh, so warm. Dim light? Resistant eyelids. A numb buzz throughout your body. Consciousness crawls into reality, with little to offer. Soft blankets, a plush pillow between your knees. A solid weight around your waist. A deep breath brings the smell of cinnamon, like Raph's favorite candle.

Slowly shifting, you stretch. The numb interrupted by sore legs and weight moving across your abdomen. The hand tucks beneath your ribs, tightening the embrace. Raph grumbles as a 'good morning' and you return a hesitant hum. Last night was fuzzy, to put it mildly. Probably because of the passing out and crying all night. You remember Donnie stitching you up, but not much after. In the time frame between now and then, Raph must have put you to bed. But his bed is kind of surprising.

His left hand tucks under your ribs, ensuring the blanket has you snugly wrapped. You feel soft breaths on your cheek, as you slowly turn to face the tired turtle. He scooches closer, pulling you to his plastron. It 's hard to resist being pressed up against him. For one, stiff muscles and exhaustion don't go together, and two, he's strong enough to lift a bus if he wanted. As you flop to your other shoulder, Raphael secures his arms around you, almost like a hoop. You rest your head on his relaxed bicep, and he gently thumbs the small area between your shoulder blades.

Oh it feels nice to melt into him. To feel so safe and at home in Raph's arms is a blessing. Sure, you both 'held' each other before, not in any intimate way though. An arm over the shoulder during a movie night. A suffocating check while playing street hockey with Casey. A long hug goodbye (and hello) when you went on your last vacation. But not anything like this. You feel his warm breaths on your forehead, and it's easy to forget that there is a world outside of the walls you rest in.

Freeing one of your hands, you place it around his midriff. Raph huffs at the movement, but accepts your gentle touch on the soft scales that connect his shell to his skin. Raph rarely lets you touch this part of him. Which makes sense, considering the skin is much softer than the rest of his body. He's revealing himself to be much softer than he lets on. When Mikey introduced him as a 'very violent teddy bear' you thought it was a joke. But here he lies. With a peaceful face and a line of drool escaping his mouth.

Raphael slowly opens his eyes, he barely fights the urge to slip back to sleep. The hazel in his iris captures what little light is in the room, creating the most gorgeous golden glow. Deep green cheeks warm to your touch. That pretty scar on his lip following it into a small smile. He hides a lot of beauty behind that scarlet mask.

Memories may be hazy, but what comes to mind is Raph always by your side. He responded to a desperate call for help, ushered you to safety, and soothed your sorrows. He never yelled, never judged, no intended guilt from him at all. How did you come to deserve the man holding you so tight?

"G'Mornin?" He chuckles. Blinking in surprise, you blush.

"Hi." You smile. Raph returned a groggy grin, momentarily pausing his embrace to stretch.

"How ya doing?"

"I'm... alright. Sore... and hungry."

"Me too." He sat up, leaving the warm spot against you abandoned. It felt so nice to be in his arms, under his protection. Raph swings his feet over the edge of the bed, and fumbles with the side table for a bottle of water. Which he offers to you first. "Drink, you need it more."

"I'm ok, thanks though." You struggled to sit up right with him, having dead legs weigh you down more than you think. Raphael huffs. Not his 'happy' huff either, which threw a pit in your stomach. He quickly stood. And now you've done it. -After all that work and they still refuse help?- Is what he's probably thinking. Before you have time to say anything, he yanks open a drawer on the side table, and hands you a pill bottle.

"Then take two for the pain."

Too stunned to speak, you nod and accept the medicine. He's still gotta be mad though. Raph sauntered out of the room, leaving you with your thoughts. A fantastic duo, you and your mind, what could go wrong?

Hesitantly opening the painkiller, you can't help but replay the little bit of last night you do remember. Raph is just helping because he feels he needs too. You're just a burden to him, especially now that you're physically harmed. And it's twisted that he'll lie to you just to make you feel better. Everyone knows that you're a sad excuse for a person. You shouldn't have called. He was clearly tired and you just had to—

"(Y/n)? You ok?"

The room comes back. So do the blankets on the bed, the twin Sai hanging on the wall, and most of the pills from the bottle in the palm of your hand. You have no words for Raph. You couldn't find them if you tried. He slowly leans down to your line of sight, careful not to startle. Then he gently removes the medicine bottle, and all but two pills from your shaky hands. Raph uncaps the water bottle and gently cups your hand in his, guiding the painkillers to your mouth. After, he raises the bottle. "Drink, please." And you oblige.

"Talk to me, honey, are you ok?"

You can't even look at him. Your hands tremble in the loose blanket in your lap. Even though the world returned, you want nothing to do with it. Curling into a ball and pretending you don't exist is all you have the energy for. Shimmy-ing away from the large terrapin, you fold into a small lump of sorrow in the corner of his bed.

Raph scoots with you, desperately wanting to help. He wants to comfort and figure out what the hell happened (especially after last night), but you keep shutting him out. He knows crowding and demanding answers will only make this worse, but it's frustrating! Raph only wants to help and understand even though you refuse to open up. So, he waits. He waits while you bundle into his comforter, struggling like a dog walking in circles to find a comfy spot to sleep.

He presses a hand on your back, receiving a twitch. Using soft fingertips, Raph slides his hand to rest his palm between your shoulder blades. He rubs small circles into the fabric of your shirt. With each rotation he presses harder, like you were going to run at the next opportunity. Your breath hitches. And you melt into the sheets, crumbling at his touch. Calloused hands drag you into his lap as he lays back, cradling you on his plastron. You shift and squirm, trying to find a comfortable position for your throbbing legs. Finally, you flop your head on Raph's shoulder, once comfortable.

"Wanna talk, honey?"

"Nuh uh, I wanna stay like this..."

"Hmm... you'll tell me eventually?" Raph brushes a lock of hair from your eyes, and thumbs your cheek softly.

"Yeah. I want to stay here for a while."

"As long as you want, honey."

There is comfortable silence. Soft breathing and gentle touches, all while you listen to the drum of Raphael's heartbeat. And for once in your life, everything is fine. No malicious thoughts, no demons from the past, no anxieties about the future, no overwhelming issues that have to be dealt with, just peace. Just you, and Raph, holding onto each other for dear life. Nothing could be more right in the world. Then against all odds, a forehead kiss. Two forehead kisses. He backs off, watching the low light dance in your eyes. You can't help but press into Raph's lips. Finally, everything is fine. The rest of the world can disappear, for all you two care.

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